

August 2019

My Name is Tight Phelim

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "My Name is Tight Phelim" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1073.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1073

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



My Name is Tight Phelim

Sung in Harlequin and Faustus.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

MY name is Tight Phelim, I'm come from
the sod,
By way of diversion, I carry a hod,
I quitted sweet Dublin with other guests views,
But all my mistake came from reading the news;
It told me that here I'd be quite in the vogue,
I oil'd my grey wig, and I brush'd up my brogue,
I kiss'd my old friends, and a prosperous gale
To Liverpool blew little Phelim O'Neal.

C H O R U S.

With my hurro roo row, arra be easly,
Pa iluh loo, I m nate as dasy.

We Irish to make it out find many ways,
We cry fine fat rabbits and write pretty plays,
Shoulder strap't to fixt the pones like a poney I trot,
And sometimes in Flanders I get my'elf shot;
We sell pickl'd salmon, and dance at a ball,
And of us the Ladi's think nothing at all,
Cock'd up in a chariot or yok'd in a pail,
To be sure th'y don't quint on thigh Phelim
O'Neal.

My gay Master Mason no more I'm your man,
I'll be master myself, I'm in Christopher Wren,
I'll buid fine Peaches with In I Go Jones,
Then why climb up scaffolds to break my brave
bones!
To the devil with your brick-bats and trowels my
dear;
And is that your'elf with your barrel of beer?
(A barre. of beer crosses the stage.)
But give him the drop, and O honey I'll be bail,
To the knees up in mortar jumps Phelim O'Neal.